

DELL

JULY
10¢

Roy Rogers

Comics



FREE Roy Rogers Pin-up pictures!



Here's your chance to get five pictures of Roy and his gang. All five are in full color and will really look handsome on your wall, bureau or desk.

Here's all you do to get these wonderful pictures. Subscribe now to Roy Rogers Comic! Just \$1 will buy a whole year's subscription... 12 exciting issues! This is less than if you bought each copy individually and you get these hand-

some pin-up pictures FREE plus a certificate of membership in the Dell Comics Club.

So hurry! Mail your dollar with the coupon below today! The supply is limited and we'll have to limit the offer to the first new subscribers. If you are already a subscriber and still want the pictures, send in your new subscription. We'll start it when your present one expires and send you the pictures right away.

CUT ON DOTTED LINE PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES ☐ 1 year-12 issues \$1.00
☐ 3 yrs-36 issues \$1.99 ☐ 3 yrs-36 issues \$2.70
 Canada ☐ 1 yr \$1.99 ☐ 2 yrs \$3.99 ☐ 3 yrs \$5.99

A PLEDGE TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the entire magazine, including all contents, only clean and wholesome pictures, unimpaired. The Dell code eliminates entirely rather than regulates objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure at constant only good fun. (This copyright has been placed in our only trade and content pool)

Mail To: **DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.** DEPT. TRR
 10 W. 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y.

Please enter subscription to Roy Rogers comic. Include FREE Pin-up Pictures and Dell Comics Club Membership Certificate.

Name _____ Age _____
 St. and No. _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I am enclosing remittance for \$ _____ in full payment

(If bill is a gift subscription please fill in below. Fill any bill card numbers are separate check)

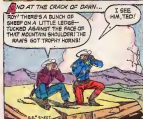
ENCLOSE GIFT CARD TO READ FROM:

Donor's Name _____
 St. and No. _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

GUNFIRE AT DRYGULCH



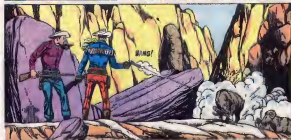
FOOTNOTES: Please send notice on Form 3576 and copies received under Label Form 3576 to 264 Ninth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

ROY ROGERS COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 51, July, 1953. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 264 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y., George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Mayer, Vice-President; Albert F. Desrosiers, Vice-President; Edward J. Scoville, Editor; 16 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Copyright, 1953, Dell Publishing Co. Roy Rogers also has authorized the use of their names, likenesses, and characters, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both year old and new address enclosing if possible year old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS







AAA-
AAH!

AS THE RAM GOES DOWN,
THE SHEEP BEHIND HIM STOP SHORT!



AAA-
AAH!

SUDDENLY THEY WHIRL ABOUT--FORFEET OVER-
HANGING SPACE--AND DASH BACK OUT OF SIGHT!



WHEN SEPT ROY, I
THOUGHT WE WERE SOMEBODY
SURE! THAT SHOT YOU
MADE--A MIRACLE!

LET'S GET
DOWN THERE AND
SKIN MY TROPHY
RAM, TED!



DO YOU
THINK WE CAN
PACK THE HEAD
UP THAT NARROW
PLACE, ROY?

THE HEAD, THE HIDE,
AND THE FEAT! WE'LL MAKE
IT, TED! YOU'RE JUST
SHAKY NOW!



NOW ARE YOUR
LEGS, TED?

THEY'RE
OUT! SHAKING
ROY--WATCHING YOU!
THE CLIMB BACK
ISN'T SO BAD AS
I THOUGHT!



THE TOP! WHEN! ROY, WHAT
FOOL NOTION MADE PAT BRADY
CUT LOOSE WITH HIS RIFLE AND
SPOOK THOSE SHEEP?

WE'LL ASK
HIM WHEN WE
GET BACK TO
CAMP!



THAT SAME
AFTERNOON...

HE WAS STANDING
ON THAT RIM, JUST AHEAD,
WHEN I SHOT HIM!



THERE'S
A SPOT OF
BLOOD...

... AND HIS HOOF MARKS,
DEEP IN THE DUST WHERE
HE TURNED!



THERE'S A DRY
GULCH THE OTHER
SIDE OF THIS FLAT!
MIGHT FIND YOUR
RAM THERE!

THE TRAIL LEADS DOWN
TWO THOUSAND FEET,
WITH BLOOD TRAILERS...



AND, AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FLAT...

THERE'S YOUR RAM!
AND HE'S GOT COMPANY!
LOOK DOWN, BOY--AND TELL
ME I'M NOT HAVING A
NIGHTMARE!



CATTLE--FRESH CARCASSES
LYING ON A LOT OF BLEACHED
BONES! AND MY RAM
AMONGST THEM!



AS THE RIFLE ACROSS THE GULCH STRIDES TO AIM, ROY'S 'SCOPE' CENTERS IT ON CROSS-HAIRS.



AT INSTANT, ROY'S BULLET STRIKES! A SPLINTER OF IT CUTS THE DRYBULCHER'S CHAIR.





A HALF AN HOUR LATER, AT THE GULCH'S BOTTOM...











Roy Rogers

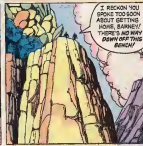
KING OF THE COWBOYS
PLANE EVIDENCE

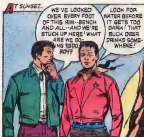




RIGHT SIDE UP THE BASTER PLANE RIPS THROUGH THE BRUSH ON THE MESA'S FLAT SURFACE...









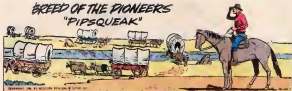








BREED OF THE PIONEERS "PIPSQUEAK"



From the mound that overlooked the rolling prairie, Bronc Modigan watched the wagon train rumble slowly toward the creek. Already, the first wagons were forming a huge circle in the meadow he had picked as the camp for the night. As the hired guide of the wagon train, Bronc watched the maneuver critically.

"Too slow," he mused. "They'll learn to do it a lot faster in Indian country."

Lean and brown in his saddle, Bronc eyed the last wagon rumble past. "That Corby rig is nothing but a wreck. And those oxen pulling the wagon will never make it."

It was with pity that he regarded the Corby woman in the seat of the wagon. Her face was haggard as she clutched at the blanket-wrapped infant in her arms. Bronc had only seen her husband twice since they'd started on the trail. Sam Corby spent most of the time resting inside the wagon. The hacking cough that came from beneath the rig's patched canvas had long since told Bronc Modigan the reason why.

But somehow it was young Terry Corby that Bronc pitied most. As the scrawny, sixteen-year-old strode beside the wagon, his face was a mask of ely and his voice was hoarse from yeging the oxen on. Bronc knew it was his determination that kept the Corby's wagon on the trail. But Bronc pitied him more because he knew of an even more bitter struggle that was Terry Corby's.

As the last wagon passed, Bronc galloped his horse toward the creek, shutting off all thought of the Corbys. He had tethered his horse for the night when he noticed the crowd

of men and boys near the creek.

"It's Pipequeak Corby and Rafe Bragg, fighting again," an urchin informed him.

Pipaueak was the nickname the youngsters in the wagon train had saddled on Terry Corby! His anger rose to the boiling point when he saw what was going on. In the tight circle of grinning faces, the fight was ridiculously unfair. Terry's opponent was a hulking, oversized boy of seventeen, the son of Rufus Bragg, captain of the wagon train and Bronc's boss. Though Terry was fighting with skill and desperation, his outwized opponent was butting, and kicking him at every opportunity.

Bronc stepped forward to stop it but as he did a hand touched his shoulder. He turned to face Rufus Bragg, Rafe's father. "Leave them be," said Bragg. "That Pipaueak's been spoiling for trouble ever since we started West."

The guide spat contemptuously. "It's that boy of yours who's making trouble. Terry's the only kid in the wagon train who won't knuckle under to him."

A roar from the crowd interrupted them and Bronc turned just in time to see Rafe drive home a brutal blow that sent Terry sagging to the earth. As the bully swaggered past, Rufus turned triumphantly to Bronc. "Reckon the pipaueak got his comeuppance," he grinned.

Bronc pushed past him toward Terry but the boy had climbed to his feet and was staggering toward the water bucket that lay on its side near the creek. Even in the bitterness of his defeat the boy had not for-

gotten his duty toward the Carby wagon and its wretched occupants. Watching him, Bronc could remember that time long ago when he himself had first ventured westward. A half-starved boy of seventeen, he'd been victimized by every bully who crossed his path. Now, as he watched Terry stumbling back to the circle of wagons, Bronc knew he had to do something.

After supper, he stopped to talk to Terry's mother. When he'd finished, her reply was short and grim.

"Mr. Madigan, we're not turning back. The doctor says Pa's only chance is to reach Arizona."

"What about Terry? It isn't fair to saddle a boy with all this responsibility."

"I know it's not easy for him, but he's my son and his Pa's and he'll carry his share of the burden." And in her eyes shone the same determination that Bronc had so often seen in Terry's. And as the guide arose he knew what had to be done.

On the other side of the wagon, Terry was examining a wheel-hub. "I saw the fight," said Bronc. "That Rafe knows about every dirty trick in the book."

"Remember how he kept using his knees?" Bronc continued. The boy didn't answer but turned his eyes back to the wheel-hub. "I saw a Pawnee fight that way once," said Bronc. "At a rendezvous in the Teton country. He was up against a Paiute half his size. That Paiute had him on his back begging for mercy in nothing flat."

The boy looked at him with interest. "How'd he do that?"

"An old Indian wrestling trick. I'll show you. Come at me with your knee like Rafe did," Bronc invited.

The boy charged in, his right knee driving for Bronc's middle. With a cat-like movement the guide stepped aside. His strong hands closed on the boy's ankle and with a deft movement Terry was dumped unceremoniously to the ground.

"That was mighty slick," Terry said, admiringly. "Could I try it on you?"

Bronc grinned widely. "Sure, let's go."

In the next few weeks, as the wagon train headed westward, Bronc spent his spare time showing Terry the fine art of rough and tumble fighting, as he had learned it from Indians, fur trappers, mule drivers and wagon bosses. Then, one night, along the Platte, Bronc saw his lessons bear fruit.

Once more, Rafe Bragg picked on Terry. Once again, the boy resisted his bullying. But this time the story ended differently.

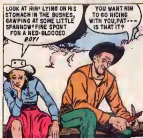
The first time Rafe charged in with his head lowered to butt, his face met with a rock-hard elbow. When he kicked, Terry threw him with a bone-cracking crash. For every trick the bully tried, Terry had an answering move. In minutes, Rafe was beaten and staggering. It was then that his father pushed forward with a protesting roar. "That runt's gonna kill my boy," he bellowed.

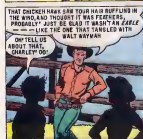
But before he could interfere Bronc Madigan stopped him. "Leave them be, Bragg," said Bronc mildly. "Shucks, that little pip-squeak couldn't hurt your boy."

It ended with Rafe a beaten hulk at Terry's feet. And as Bronc watched the victor push through the admiring crowd, he knew that the Carbys and their battered wagon would arrive safely in Arizona. "Shucks," he mused. "That Pipe-squeak's got enough spunk and grit to take them clear to China, if he had to."



CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES





"---HE WAS PLENTY WASH! PURE-BRED COLTS ARE WORTH A LOT OF MONEY! BESIDES, WALT LOVED THE LITTLE FELLOWS.---

"ANOTHER SAGE?
THAT'S THE SECOND
COLT I'VE LOST
THIS WEEK!"



"THE FIRST TWO KILLS,
AND THE TRACKS AROUND
THEM, TOLD WALT AN
INTERESTING STORY."

"THE SIGNS ARE
PLAIN! THERE WAS
AN EAGLE OR TWO
FEEDING ON THIS
CARCASS ---
BESIDES THE
COYOTES! JUST
LIKE THE
OTHER!"



COYOTES NEVER
SET A COLT FAR ENOUGH
AWAY FROM ITS MOTHER
TO KILL IT! BUT AN EAGLE,
NOW... I'VE HEARD HOW
THEY DO IT! I'M GOING
TO WATCH AND SEE...



"WALT GOT HIMSELF A PAIR OF GOOD, STRONG BIN-
OCULARS, AND PICKED A PLACE TO WATCH FOR
THE NEXT TIME HE'D BE SURE TO SEE THEM."

"THERE'S A
BIG OLD GOLDEN
EAGLE RIGHT NOW,
CIRCLING OVER MY
GOATS!"

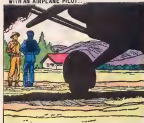


"HE SAW THE WHOLE THING --- A GOLDEN
EAGLE MAKING SHORT SWOOPS TILL HE'D
SEPARATED A KID FROM THE FLOCK ---
THEN STRIKING IT IN THE NECK WITH
HIS SHARP CLAWS."



"WALT SETTLED THE
EAGLE'S HORN, RIGHT
THEN AND THERE!"

"AND FROM THAT DAY ON HE CARRIED WAR TO ALL THE EAGLES ON HIS RANGE! HE ARRANGED WITH AN AIRPLANE PILOT...



"IN THE NEXT MONTH, WALT BAGGED HAYNE A DOZEN EAGLES FROM HIS PLANE WITH HIS SHOTGUN."



"...TO TAKE HIM UP EAGLE HUNTING!"



"BUT AT THE END OF THAT TIME, HE WAS STILL LOSING YOUNG STOCK."



"HE SENT HIS FOREMAN HOME FOR A SHOVEL AND
SOME OTHER THINGS."



"WHEN LUKE CAME BACK, ALL HE SAW WAS ANOTHER
FOAL IN THE BUSHES."



"WALT HAD SKINNED OUT THE DEAD COLT AND PUT
ITS SKIN OVER HIS OWN HEAD FOR A SORT OF DISGUISE!
LUKE THOUGHT HE HAD GONE CRAZY."



"--AND WHEN WALT STARTED
DIGGING, WHAT LOOKED LIKE
A GRAVE, LUKE WAS SURE HIS
BOSS HAD GONE PLUMB LOON!"



"BUT WHEN WALT EXPLAINED WHAT HE REALLY HAD IN MIND, LUKE WAS SATISFIED."



NOW---LET ME PUT ON THAT COLT SKIN, AND THOSE HEAVY GLOVES---AND I'LL FOOL MR. EAGLE---OR KNOW THE REASON WHY!

HAWH, HAWH, HAW! YOU'LL FOOL HIM, ALL RIGHT, WALT!

FOR THREE DAYS WALT WAYMAN LAY IN WAIT FOR HIS ENEMY---GOING HOME AT NIGHT, AND EATING A COLD LUNCH AT NOON."



I'M GOING TO SIT HERE TILL THAT KILLER EAGLE COMES BACK IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER!



"THE FOURTH MORNING, IT PAID-OFF! THE KILLER EAGLE HIT WALT'S DISGUISE SO HARD THAT IT NEARLY KNOCKED HIM COLD---AND HIS KNIFE-LIKE CLAWS BIT RIGHT THROUGH WALT'S SCALP!"

"AND HE FINALLY GOT THE BIRD WRAPPED UP IN A BLANKET, SO HE COULDN'T MOVE ANYTHING BUT HIS HEAD."



YOW! LEEED--!



YOU--- GRUNT--- FEATHERED TWISTER! I'LL THROW AND TIE YOU YET!

FEAR! FEAR!

WALT TOOK AN AWFUL BEATING FROM THAT TWELVE-POUND EAGLE'S WINGS AND BEAK---BUT HE WAS GAME TO TAKE IT!"



HAW! TELL ME, CHARLEY---DID WALT CATCH MANY EAGLES THAT WAY?

NOPE---ONLY THAT ONE! HE WAS THE KILLER, SO WALT DIDN'T LOSE ANY MORE YOUNG STOCK... HE SHIPPED MR. EAGLE TO A ZOO!

maguey

blessing from
the Gods



When early explorers first reached Mexico, they were surprised to find that the inhabitants, supposedly uncivilized Indians, were skilled farmers who raised plants, among them some entirely unknown to Europeans. Today, Mexican Indians still raise the maguey, a gift the Aztecs believed had been given them by their pagan gods. From this one plant, strong cloth, rope, a nourishing drink and medicine can be made!

The tough edges of the plant's thick leaves contain long, tough strands which can be pulled out and twisted into cords or woven into coarse cloth. When the leaves are crushed, a whitish sap runs out. When aged, this sap is called "pulque." Aztec nobles preferred another Mexican drink called "chocolate"—chocolate—but the Indian farmer drank pulque much as we drink milk and coffee.

The maguey is used by the Indians for burns. The leaf is sliced and the fleshy part is laid directly on the burn. It has a cooling and soothing effect. The fresh juice helps sunburn and insect bites.

The century plant is one kind of maguey and if you have one growing in your home, you can see all the parts of this plant that the Aztecs used!



Don't miss the latest adventures of
the Queen of the West

DALE EVANS COMICS

Get your copy today from your favorite
DELL Comics dealer—Just 10¢



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

LEGENDS OF THE OLD WEST



DODGE CITY

ONE OF THE GREAT TRAIL TOWNS

Dodge City was the capital of Texas for cowboys for many years. They drove their wild herds north from Texas ranches to the railroad at Dodge. After many months on the open range with only longhorns or whitethorns for company, Dodge was truly a big city and almost a paradise to them.

Dodge got its start as a buffalo hunter's town. There were thousands of the big animals on the wide prairies and many hunters came to the location and set up a permanent camp from which the hides and some meat were sent back east. The Santa Fe railroad reached the town in 1872 and the buffalo hunting boomed. Many years later, there were enormous piles of bones on all the streets. These finally vanished, however, when it was discovered that they made excellent fertilizer when ground up.

When the great herds of buffalo were gone from the prairie, cattle took their place, and the railroad was the only way to ship them east. Great herds were driven into Dodge City and the customary way to arrive was at a run. The cowboys were happy to see Dodge City—almost too happy. Their celebrations caused ruffled feelings on the part of many local citizens and there were many gun fights.

The situation became so bad that the citizens made an old buffalo hunter named Wyatt Earp, sheriff. The Dodge City law officer used a Colt .45 with a fifteen-inch barrel and was so fast on the draw that soon the town quieted down. No one dared to argue with the carefully dressed town marshal. He was fair and honest and so good a shot that no one could safely break the law.



For Super Summer Fun!

BUY AND SHOOT A

DAISY

AIR RIFLE

THE NEW NO. 25 DAISY PUMP GUN!

NEW

NO. 94 DAISY

"RED RYDER" CARBINE

This new, faster cocking lever-action "1000 shot" style repeater looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle carbine! Read the many brand-new features—printed near gun picture. "94" comes with new leather RH Loader Wallet, 2 RH Packs—in "gun case" carton. Get yours now. Only \$7.95.

Many brand-new features on this 50-shot forward pump action repeater: combination pump-and-open rear sight adjustable for windage, elevation; "bump type" front sight; bright-plated trigger; improved gold-filled "triggering" on jacket. "25" is tops for accuracy—gains by pulling slide forward chambered full-oval stock. Gun, leather RH Loader, 2 RH Packs—in "gun case" carton, only \$4.95. Buy it for your first or second Daisy now!

HARNESS NEW DAISY SUPER PLAY RIFLES!

No. 1042
\$4.95



New Daisy
Left Side
Pistol

NO. 1042 COKE BULLET CARBINE
(maximum! Shoots 1/4" and cork bullets fast, accurately! Makes head marks with or without expansion!) Ejects up about 10 ft. Looks, feels like real rifle. Only \$4.95 with cork bullets. "gun case" carton.



No. 1040
\$3.95

NEW NO. 1040 AUTOMATIC SUPER SNOOTER!
(maximum! Shoots 1000 ft. like actual real machine only! Works! automatic play rifle that "ear rips" anywhere! Only \$3.95 in "gun case" carton.

NEW DAISY RED RYDER GUNBOOK!

COLE "TRIGGER" REVOLVER

—one of many guns in book!



Shows famous rifles, pistols in gun case (the Pocket-gun, 100 pages! Also contains facts, instructions, jokes, animal stories plus Daisy's brand-new Little Cowboy Book only \$1.95, and 10 cards!

ARROWHEAD CHARM

FREE

with your Gunbook!

MAIL COUPON!

TO RED RYDER, one of
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. A-201, FLYINGHUT, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

I enclose "Gun Book" (2) in case, (please!) Send me ARROWHEAD CHARM, DAISY GUNBOOK and FREE Daisy Arrowhead Charm.

NAME

ADDRESS AND NUMBER

CITY

STATE

ZIP CODE

PRODUCED BY DAISY
OFFSHORE, INC. NEW YORK

Both!

Air Rifles

Come with...

NEW NO. 707 RH LOADER WALLET
Leather loader—loads about 100 lbs.
—loads Daisy's Gold

2 NO. 700 FULL RH REPEL PACKS
Real Ryder brand no. 700s
—the "best \$1.95 for your money!"

NEW GUN-CARRYING-CASE CARTON

No. 25
\$8.95

No. 25
\$7.95

No. 707
49¢

No. 700
5¢ each

Learn to Load the Right Way!

Don't Waste a Round to Load in (Pistol) Gun Case (book!)

Load on Loading the Right Way!

Both! (book and rifle) available for \$10.00!

Leather Loader (book) \$1.95!

Real Ryder (book) \$1.95!

Where to buy
Daisys

See and buy them at your nearest hardware, sports goods, national chain or department store. If Daisy Dealer is out of stock or none near you—send name, the number and address given of Daisy product wanted to factory—over 1000 in stock! (No. RH Pack orders accepted) 3000 MICHIGAN

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. A-201, FLYINGHUT, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.